

THE CHEYENNE TRANSPORTER.

ESTABLISHED 1879.

MAFFETT & MERRITT,

Editors and Proprietors.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHOE AGENCY,
Darlington, Indian Ter

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN contemplates making a trip to Australia within a year.

POPE LEO has taken up his favorite autumn amusement—lark-catching in the Vatican gardens.

OWING to the early and late office hours kept by Secretary Garland, he has been unable to get a secretary.

GEN. BEN. BUTLER intends to run for congress in the Seventh congressional district of Massachusetts.

MAURICE KINGSLEY, a son of Charles Kingsley, the novelist, has made a fortune in the silver mines of Colorado.

In Boston, *The Advertiser* states, there have been fifty people killed and injured by horse railways within a year.

It is said that Judie learned to play the banjo in Boston, and aims to astonish Paris audiences with her new acquisition.

GEORGE BARNES, once famous as the mountain evangelist of Kentucky, is now a missionary in India for the Church of England.

It is said that there will be 25 per cent. more lumber cut on the Penobscot and Kennebec waters the coming winter than last season.

THE duke of Westminster has consented to become president of the hospital for women, Soho square, in place of the late earl of Shaftesbury.

ERNEST RENAN, the great French writer, is fond of the pleasures of the table. In person he is short, obese, and generally shapeless in form. His conversation makes up for his unpleasant exterior, though.

CHINESE laborers discharged since the completion of the Canadian Pacific are causing much trouble on the mainland. The resort to thievery and any illegitimate means they can employ to obtain a livelihood.

THE shell trade of California is assuming great proportions. A single firm at Los Angeles ships every sixty days forty tons of shells to Europe. These shells are transformed into ornaments by the art industries of Paris and other localities.

A PHYSICIAN in Maryland put a human skull in a tree for self-keeping, during a temporary absence, and forgot it. When he thought of it again and went to get it he found that a sparrow had taken possession and raised a family in it.

WHEN Mr. Edwin Booth celebrated his fifty-second birthday in Baltimore last Friday he was pleasantly reminded by one of his guests of his earliest theatrical attempts at the tender age of 12, when he played Richard III. in a boarding house cellar at the admission price of 3 cents.

COL. A. LOUDEN SNOWDEN, ex-superintendent of the mint at Philadelphia, says that in 1873 he received, with orders to melt down, a collection of most exquisite silverware, which the first Napoleon gave to Joseph Bonaparte, who left it to his private secretary, who turned it into cash.

MAKING NAILS.

From the Metal in the Ore to the Nails in the Keg.

Upon entering the works the first thing which strikes one is the arrangement of the puddling furnaces, they being built so as to form a hollow square. Each furnace is double—that is, one stack is divided into two parts, making two puddling furnaces. In the space within the square is placed the "squeezer," the train of rolls, and the engine, which latter furnishes the power to drive the machinery and supplies the blast for the furnaces. The pig-iron is brought from the blast furnaces in cars and carts, and at a certain place is broken in halves, weighed and apportioned to the puddlers. The iron is placed in the furnaces, a blast of hot air is driven over it by means of a fan, and as it melts the puddler stirs it continually with a long iron instrument called a "puddle tool." This process is kept up until every vestige of impurity is driven out. Then the workman gradually cools down his furnace by damping the fire, being careful to note the consistency of the mass. Then he rolls into a ball shape, withdraws it from the furnace, and by means of a ponderous pair of tongs running freely on an overhead railway conveys it to the squeezer, a piece of mechanism worth describing. In former times the squeezer resembles the jaws of a monster crocodile, from which it derived its name. Now the apparatus is called a "coffee mill squeezer," and, indeed, it looks very much like a big coffee mill. The ball is tossed into a squeezer, which seizes it and sends it rolling around and around, the space becomes narrower as the outcome is approached. When at last the mass emerges it has taken the shape of a roll of cotton batting. A man on the "lookout" for it grasps it with tongs, and the overhead rigging is again brought into play to carry the "bloom," as it is now called, to the rolls. The rolls are contracted with numerous grooves graduated to the size of the bar desired to be made. The "bloom" has now gone through the puddle rolls and is flat, say four inches wide, three-quarters of an inch thick, and twelve feet long; it is termed puddle or muck bar. When used for nail-making it must be cut into short lengths of a foot. These are piled in a certain manner, weighed and taken to a department, the "sheet-mill." This mill has within it several heating furnaces and two trains of rolls—one to break down the pile and another to finish the sheet. The heaters arrange the piles of iron on the furnaces precisely as the baker does his loaves in the oven. When it is sufficiently heated it is conveyed by means of the ever-useful over-head railway to the rolls, there to be again flattened and drawn into long thin sheets. Now we have come to the nail factory. The sheets are taken to the "slitter," who cuts them into different sizes, as the kind of nails desired to be made requires. The nail-plates are then packed in numbered boxes to be delivered to the nail-cutters. The large-sized nails are cut hot, and for the purpose of heating the plates a furnace is at hand in charge of a man whose business is to supply the nailers with iron. Now we have reached the last process of this intricate manufacture. We hear the busy hum of 120 machines, which in the course of eleven hours cut 1,100 kegs of nails. An invention of recent date, which at one time threatened to revolutionize the cutting of nails, has been introduced in this factory. It is called a self-feeder, but as it only cuts middle sizes the trade of the nail feeder is not yet jeopardized. The ingenious machines are almost human in their working. An attendant takes up a nail plate, pries open the stiff jaws of his nippers, places one end of the plate within and by a skillful thrust has set the machine going. It certainly is more accurate in its action than any feeder can be. One person can, if diligent, attend to two self-feeding machines. Each machine consists of a cutting knife, a heading machine, bed-plate, fly-wheel, and splint and miss-cut separator. The last is the invention of one of the workmen in the factory. There is another process to be told about, and that is the blueing. This is done in an inclined revolving cylinder, pierced with holes, and kept at a dull red heat. The nails are poured in at the elevated end, and, as they slowly roll down the incline, take on

the pretty blue tint we have so often admired. The nails are now taken to the "packer," who weighs them, packing 100 pounds in each keg. The packing is done by means of a machine which, by an ingenious application of mechanics, has a vertical as well as a revolving motion. The keg is placed between the knees of the "packer," and as it dances up and down he gradually fills it from a large iron weighing-scoop. The keg is now turned over to the header, who deftly inserts the head, applies the top hoops, drives a nail here and there into the chimos, gives it a whirl, and away it goes to the brander, who numbers it and stencils the firm's name and trade-mark, which latter is an anchor. And now our nails are sent to the warehouse to be put into cars destined for every part of our country, and, indeed, as far off as Australia.—*Mining Engineer.*

Lamar Mistaken for "Ben" Butler.

One of Secretary Lamar's characteristics is sympathy for inebriates. This kind of philanthropy, however, has its drawbacks. The other day an individual tottered into a street-car where the Secretary was riding. The first thing he did was to throw a dollar through the opening in the front door. By and by the driver passed back the change done up in a little package. The drunken man shoved it in his pocket. Pretty soon the driver opened the door and called out sharply: "Put in your fare." The drunken man stared, but didn't move. People began to titter. "Never mind," said Mr. Lamar, looking benevolently at the befogged passenger, "I'll fix it for you," and he stepped up and put a nickel in the box. The situation was still misty, but the drunken man recognized that in some way the Secretary had done him a friendly act. He extended his hand, and Mr. Lamar shook it, saying, "That's all right."

The drunken man gazed steadily and earnestly at his benefactor for nearly five minutes. Then a broad grin spread over his face as he reached out his hand and said: "How d'ye do, General Butler; I thought I know'd yer; fit with yer at New Orleans."

Mr. Lamar accepted the hand again, but with less suavity. "I know'd yer," continued the drunken man, and he kept on grinning while people began to snicker.

"You don't think he takes me for Ben Butler do you?" asked Mr. Lamar, rather painfully, of a friend who sat beside him. The Secretary wasn't left long in doubt, for after another hard look the drunken man delightedly pointed to his left optic and broke out with: "Got yer eye fixed since we was at New Orleans, hain't yer?"

Mr. Lamar dropped out at the next corner, with an effort to look responsive to the smiles which followed him.—*Washington Letter to The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Pigtail as a Brain Regulator.

With a population of 300,000,000 China has not a single insane asylum.

This fact does not prove that there are no lunatics among the Chinese, but it shows that they are not sufficiently numerous to make an asylum necessary.

To what do the Chinese owe their exemption from brain disease? Various explanations are given. It is said that the Mongolian enjoys mental repose. He does not fret and worry. As his religion has been established for thousands of years he lets it alone. He cares nothing about politics. There is no competition to stimulate him. All the business of life is regulated by the Government.

Doubtless all these things are conducive to mental sanity, but the Chinaman's equipoise is probably due to his pigtail more than anything else. It takes good judgment and a nice sense of proportion to make and keep in order a first-class pigtail. It must hang evenly from the middle of the head between the shoulders. It acts as a sort of balance weight. Some mental concentration is required to keep a pigtail in order, and self-love, pride and methodical habits are all involved in it. This may seem a trifle, but the human mind is controlled by trifles. Our Chinese friends perhaps builded wiser than they knew when they first twisted their pigtails.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Insane bed coverings is a fresh name for crazy-quilt.

Wayback Cider.

An old farmer from Wayback County, who was brought before the court for breaking the peace in a prohibition county, told the following pathetic story:

"You see, Judge, the whole trouble come of my drinkin' some of that new-fangled temp'rance cider that I ain't used to, and which I don't believe I'd ever get used to afore the horn toots for the general judgment."

"I war born and bred on a farm, Judge, an' I've knowed apple juice sence I war knee-high to a grasshopper. I've tampered with cider when it war sweet, an' I've tampered with it when it war hard; I've drunk it jest from the press, an' I've drunk it when it carried a good, stiff bead; I've laid across a barrel under the wagon-shed and sucked it through a rye straw from a bunghole when it war jest gilt-edged, an' I've swigged it when it war es hard es an iron wedge an' sour 'nough to make a man cross-eyed fur life; but, Judge, upon my sacred word, I never had no cider to unnerve me like that they sell in this here town. Judge, it can't be the cider of long ago; it can't be the cider of my boyhood's happy days."

"You see, Judge, I druv inter town with a load of sweet pertaters, an' after I'd sold out I jest thought es they don't sell anything stronger'n cider in this here temp'rance town I'd try a little of the good old drink of me youth. An', Judge, I tried it!"

"There war a crowd of old friends about the tavern an' I asked 'em up to the apple juice, an' then somebody sed: 'Come up agin;' an' then another sed: 'Fill 'em up at my expense;' an' still another sed: 'Have one with me afore you go;' an' that's jest the way it happened."

"Somehow, Judge, it didn't taste like the cider I war brought up on, but the bottle had 'cider' printed onto it in gold letters, an' they said it was cider, an' es long es the flavor of it war agreeable I war'n't curious about it. I only took five drinks, Judge, only five common tumblers full, an' then I begun to feel sort of queer, Judge."

"I never had no cider to make me feel that way afore. I war furst weak es a new-born calf, an' then I war es strong es old Sampson afore his head war shaved. I thought I could lift the tavern, an' I think I tried to. My mind's not clear, Judge, but they say I made a sort of hub-bub. They say I throwed a man over the bar an' broke a big lookin'-glass with him, an' scattered the whole congregation, an' went a howlin' down the main street askin' fur a man of my strength, an' at last walked plumb through a show-winder that they sed cost \$180. Then I war taken away to the prison cell. I disremember all the little particulars, Judge, but I suspect thet all they say about me is too true. I think I war drunk, Judge—I am a'most certain sure I war drunk, an' the newfangled temp'rance cider they sell in this here town is to blame fur it all."

"I kin drink a'most anything with impunity, an' a little sugar, Judge, an' stand up under it es straight es the steeple of a meetin'-house; I kin drink peach brandy, an' apple-jack, an' plain, humble old corn juice half a day, with the usual intermissions, an' still be a peaceable, law-abidin' citizen, but this here temp'rance cider is too much fur me. Judge, it's too much fur the old man. Make it easy on me, fur I'm done with temp'rance drinks jest es long es I live, Judge."

And the Judge, who is very well acquainted with the ways of town cider in Wayback County, made it very easy on the old man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not So Very Envious.

There are imaginative people who fancy that if there be a Paradise it must be where a live queen wakes, sleeps, eats and shifts her train and diamonds according to her various moods. To such the late revelation of the queen of England's daily life in any of her castles is as a dash of cold water. What is the use of being a queen if one does not go each night to the opera, lie in bed until noon and wear Sunday gowns every day? The queen of England breakfasts at 8 o'clock winter and summer, has porridge, and locks up the larder from all late risers, counting the wine at dinner. Alas, all is indeed leather and prunella.—*The Evangelist.*

The greatest English cannon is forty-four feet long.